

TITLE OF SHOW

BIG TOWN ---TV

TITLE OF PLAY

"DARK WINDOW"

DATE OF SHOW

FEB. 8, 1951

AGENCY:

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN
for LEVER BROTHERS

PRODUCER

CHARLES ROBINSON

AUTHOR

ALVIN BORETZ

DIRECTOR

DAVID RICH

mab

BIG TOWN --- TV

"DARK WINDOW"

BY

ALVIN BORETZ

CAST:

STEVE WILSON

LORELEI

ROY VANEVERMAN

ELLIE

POP VANEVERMAN

SALESWOMAN

COP

REPORTER

COPY BOY

(UNDER CREDITS, CLOSE SHOT OF TRAY OF WEDDING RINGS RESTING ON JEWELRY COUNTER. A PAIR OF YOUNG FEMININE HANDS ENTERS FRAME, TRIES ON THE DIFFERENT RINGS)

STEVE'S VOICE: You work on a newspaper.

You write stories about people. People who rob each other, cheat each other, cut each other in little pieces. You don't often write about people who love each other. But that's where this story started. With a wedding ring and two people in love. Little people.

(PULL BACK TO SHOW ROY AND ELLIE AT COUNTER. A LITTLE SIGN NEXT TO TRAY READS "WOOLWORTH". SHE TURNS TO HIM WITH A RING)

ELLIE: (SOFTLY) I think I'd like this one, Roy.

(HE LOOKS AT HER)

ROY: Ellie, you sure you want to go through with it?

ELLIE: (LOW, FEELINGLY) Oh, Roy, more than anything.

ROY: We've got a lot against us. A lot.

ELLIE: We love each other, don't we?
What else counts!

(SHE LOOKS UP AT HIM, GRIPPING HIS
HAND HARD. THEN HE TURNS TO
COUNTER WITH RING. WIDEN SHOT TO
INCLUDE SALESWOMAN BEHIND COUNTER)

ROY: (HANDS IT TO HER) We'll take this
one, please.

SALESWOMAN: I'll put it in a box for you.
(SMILES) And good luck.

ROY: Thanks....maybe we're going to need
it.

(AS THEY WAIT, PAN DOWN TO CLOSE
SHOT OF THEIR TWO HANDS CLASPING
EACH OTHER)

STEVE'S VOICE: He was right. They were
going to need luck. And a whole lot more.
- - In a moment, I'll tell you why.

COMMERCIAL

(DISSOLVE TO CITY ROOM. LORELEI AT HER DESK WORKING. STEVE AT HIS. ROY COMES IN, ILL AT EASE, UNCERTAIN, AS IF LOOKING FOR SOME ONE HE DOESN'T KNOW. AS HE STANDS THERE INDECISIVELY, LORELEI NOTICES HIM)

LORELEI: Looking for some one?

ROY: (TURNS) Yeah. (MOVES TO HER)

Where can I find the editor?

LORELEI: I don't think you'll make it. He's kind of busy.

ROY: But I've got to see him!

LORELEI: If it's important, maybe I could get a message in to him.

ROY: It is. (EARNESTLY) There's something coming out in your paper tomorrow that I don't want you to print.

LORELEI: (SMILES) What are you doing, applying for the job of censor?

ROY: You don't understand. It's not a story. It's just a little thing. It won't mean anything to you...nothing at all.

(STEVE, WITH ABOVE HAS HANDED HIS COPY TO BOY, RISEN AND GOT A CUP OF WATER. HE STROLLS PAST LORRIE'S DESK. STOPS AND WAITS CASUALLY TILL ROY FINISHES)

LORELEI: Wait a minute, let's go around again. Is it important...or isn't it?

ROY: Sure --- to my wife and me.

(HESITATES) You see - we got married yesterday. And we don't want her father to find out yet.

LORELEI: (SYMPATHETIC) You've got a problem.

ROY: Your marriage notice column, we never thought about it. But it'll be in there. And if Ellie's...my wife's father should spot our names....

LORELEI:you haven't any more secret.

ROY: You're not kidding.

STEVE: (AMUSED) None of my business.. but why don't you want him to find out?

(ROY TURNS, AWARE OF STEVE FOR FIRST TIME. THEN HE SHRUGS SLIGHTLY)

ROY: It's just one of those things.
He doesn't like me, that's all. (TO
LORRIE AGAIN) Look, can't you take our
names out? It means a lot to us.

LORELEI: Well, we might give it a try.
What's your name?

ROY: Vaneverman.....Roy Vaneverman...
141 Maley Street.

LORELEI: (WRITING IT DOWN) V..a..n..e..f...

ROY: (TAKING PENCIL FROM HER) Here,
let me write it. It's kind of hard to
spell.

STEVE: (THOUGHTFULLY) Vaneverman. I
know that name.

LORELEI: How, Steve?

(ROY STIFFENS, STOPS WRITING, BUT
STILL LOOKS AT PAD)

STEVE: Yeah. Sort of unusual. (LOOKS AT
ROY) What's your father's name, feller?
First name, I mean.

ROY: Why?

STEVE: Just curious.

ROY: (HOSTILE) Look, I wasn't talking to you.

STEVE: Don't get sore. I was just wondering....if you're related to Frank Vaneverman. Who's doing a stretch up at State Prison.

(ROY PUTS DOWN PENCIL)

Nothing personal. It popped into my head.

ROY: He's my father. So what!

STEVE: Like I said, nothing...only...

ROY: Only now you'll mark it up against me, won't you! The same as they all do.

STEVE: No. You've got it wrong.

ROY: Look, I know the score. Sure! Frank Vaneverman's my father. He's in jail....a crooked bum. So that makes me a bum, too!

LORELEI: Roy -- wait.

ROY: Don't tell me. Why d'you suppose Ellie's father hates me! And we've got to go keeping things a secret. Is it my fault I'm his son!

STEVE: Not so fast, mister. I'm only--

ROY: Don't bother! I know you guys. I know how you operate. Here..(TAKES ENVELOPE FROM POCKET, GIVES IT TO STEVE)...this is how it works! Now I know you'll keep my name out of the paper. And so-long!

(HE TURNS AND HEADS OUT)

LORELEI: Roy, hold on a second!

(HE IGNORES HER AND EXITS. SHE TURNS TO STEVE)

Well! You sure pressed a button!

STEVE: Yeah. (OPENS ENVELOPE. TAKES OUT TEN DOLLAR BILL) Hey. Ten bucks!

LORELEI: What's the idea?

STEVE: Don't you get it? It's a bribe, to keep his name out.

7-A

LORILEI: Steve - and he seemed like
a nice kid!

STEVE: Until I mentioned his father.
Then he thought I was rubbing his face in
the dirt. (SNAPS BILL) This is the
way you play, he's telling me. Pay
for what you get, through the nose!

LORELEI: What about his father, Steve...
what's his record?

STEVE: Bad. No big shot, just one of
those chronic lawbreakers. His last
stretch was for a second-story job.

LORELEI: What are you going to do with
the ten bucks?

STEVE: Drop it off, next time I pass
141 Maley. Probably could use it, he's
got enough load to carry. (SNAPS BILL
AGAIN, LOOKS AT IT, SHAKING HEAD SLIGHTLY)

(DISSOLVE TO MED. SHOT OF
HALLOWAY OUTSIDE ROY'S APARTMENT
DOOR. HE ENTERS. IS ABOUT TO
PUT KEY IN LOCK WHEN DOORKNOB
TURNS IN HIS HAND. HE TRIES IT
AGAIN, SURPRISED. THEN PUSHES
DOOR OPEN)

(CUT TO INT. AS HE ENTERS. A
RATHER POOR PLACE. SHAKES HEAD
AS IF PUZZLED THAT HE LEFT DOOR
OPEN. HE BEGINS TO TAKE OFF
JACKET WHEN HE HEARS THE WATER
RUNNING IN THE NEXT ROOM. HE
WHIRLS QUICKLY, GOES TO DOOR
AND YANKS IT OPEN. CUT TO POP
WETTING HIS COMB AT SMALL
KITCHEN SINK AND COMBING HIS HAIR
BEFORE THE LITTLE MIRROR)